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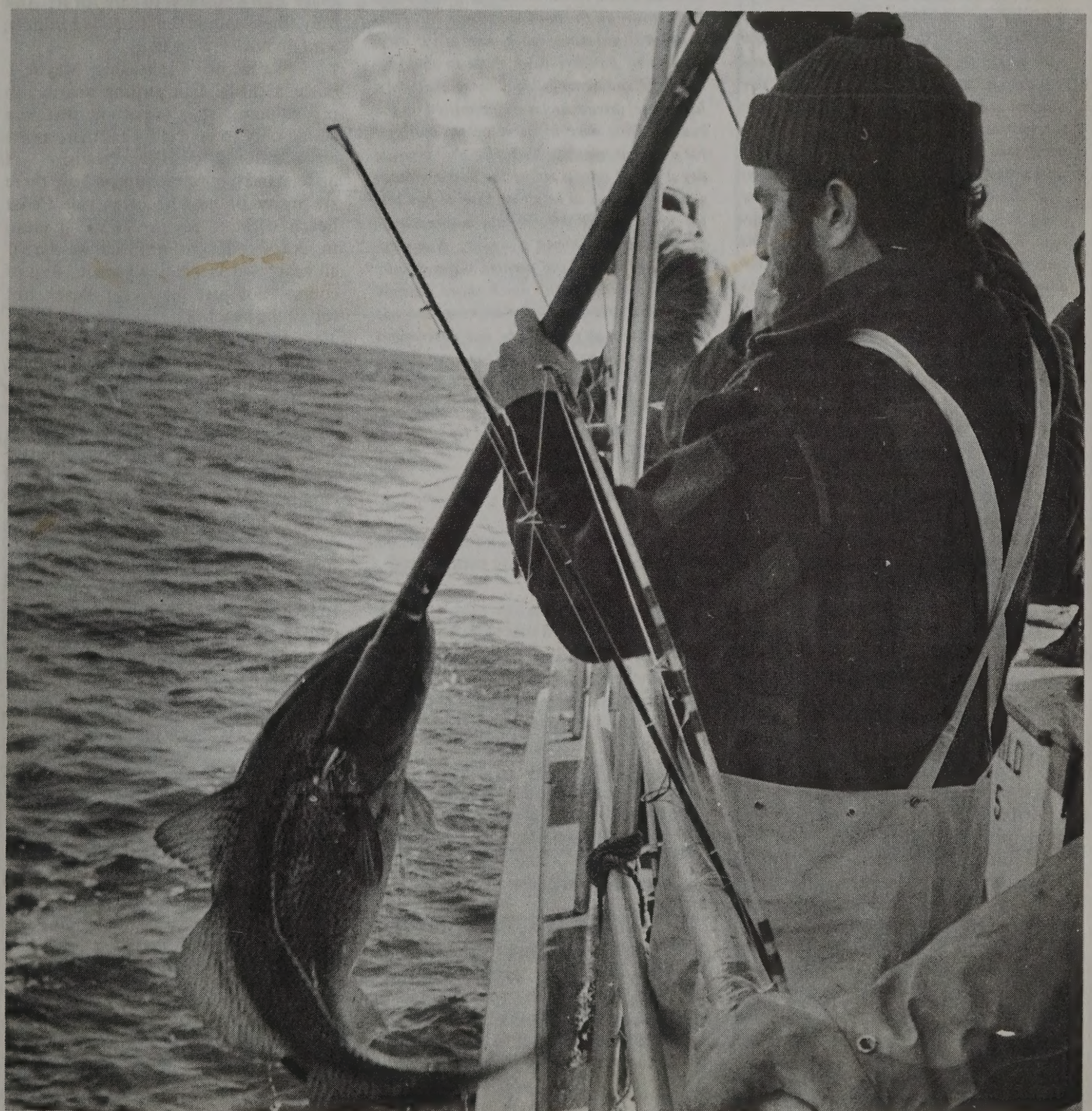
The Long Island FISHERMAN

DECEMBER 14, ISSUE NO. 48, 1972



Shore Lines

To: *Mr. Vincent Guaglianone*
From: *Blue Wagoneer 7684 HQ*
Subject: *Incident on Saturday, Sept. 23, 1972, Cedar Beach area*
Date: *October 8, 1972*

In your column of the Long Island Fisherman you stated the writer complained to a policeman about non-residents on the beach. I gathered you were one of the non-residents asked to leave. As apparently you were there, you should have gotten your information first hand from me. My wife and I were sitting in the jeep watching our children who were playing along the jeep approximately six feet away in line with the front door. A 1968 Commando Jeep, color yellow and white, came up from behind my jeep almost hitting us and then turning going between us and my children, at which time my children jumped in fright. This person immediately got out of his jeep ran down to the water's edge to fish with no concern as to what had happened. A few minutes later I approached this person and told him that he was operating his jeep in an unsafe manner **and** *asked if he was a resident. He stated that he was a resident of New York City. He then left, going west on the beach. The S.C.P.O. was coming down the beach and I informed him of the incident. At this time the patrolman checked everyone's beach stickers and asked those not having one to leave. Every town on the north and south shore has ordinances covering beach rights. I, as a resident of Babylon town, have to abide by the local ordinance which states that only four-wheel drive vehicles are permitted on the beach. They have to be inspected and pay for a permit which is $8.50 for one year, or pay a fine if caught riding the beach without a permit. If we as residents have to pay this fee for a sticker why should non-residents be allowed on without a permit. None-residents can park in the parking lot and walk along the beach. The north shore beaches are so restrictive that non-residents are not even allowed to park in the lots never mind driving on the beach. So until the town fathers change the ordinances I'll fish in my back yard and you fish in yours.*

To: Blue Wagoneer 7684 HQ
From: Vince Guaglianone
Date: November 26, 1972
Subject: 7684 HQ'S letter, dated October 8, 1972
NOTE WELL " . . . told him he was operating his jeep in an unsafe manner and asked if he was a resident."

Suppose that he was a resident. With a sticker, for which he payed $8.50 for one year. Would this have made the allegedly callous and dangerous driving excusable?

Of course not.

You have thrown two things together which are really distinct.

1) The obligation of 4-wheel drivers to ride the beaches safely. This is not the issue that I raised; though its importance is not overlooked.

2) The fact that townships have "ordinances governing beach rights". This is the issue that I raised.

There should be ordinances regulating vehicular traffic on the beaches from the viewpoint of safety, and also conservation. I agree that if 'residents' should have to pay a fee, non-residents should also be allowed to pay the same fee in a legal manner.

But I question that there should be ordinances restricting the 'right' to ride the beaches to residents of a township. I question that any township should be able to prohibit American citizens from a beach, on the basis of those citizens not being residents of a township.

In questioning the status quo here, I am obviously not simply waiting "until the town fathers (whoever they are) change the ordinances". I am stating that the ordinances are wrong in the first place.

From the viewpoint of conservation: perhaps it would be better if no 4-wheel drives were permitted on any beach. The seagulls, who are among the real residents of the beaches might like it better.

There are many parking lots on the north shore where you can park, off season, fellow surfman. And I know one great beach on the north shore where you, not a resident of the township involved, can legally acquire a permit to ride that rocky beach. Shall I tell you about it?

You want me to fish in my back yard, and you will fish in yours. But as many have gathered from my column, I do not care to push luck too far. Casting into all those oak trees in my back yard is, I feel, pushing luck too far. You fishin your backyard. I shall continue to fish at the edge of nature's last wild kingdom, the sea; which it is no man's business to divide. Though it is every man's business to care for it. And only they should be excluded from it, who do not care for it.

We all make mistakes. Maybe I made a mistake in writing angrily, in my column. It is important that you admit, only to yourself, that there exists an additional mistake elsewhere. I understand your resentment how there are many of us who often ride Cedar Beach without paying $8.50. I mean to ask for your agreement that we should all have legal access to a permit. And of course, not just for Cedar Beach but for all the beaches.

It is also unfair that you should receive statement swhich in fact ought not to be directed just at you. Though you have expressed a certain negative attitude, this attitude may not really be yours deep down inside. If your letter had included a name and address I would have written to you privately. But what I really mean is for the aforegoing remarks to be addressed, not to one person who may have only expressed an attitude and did one thing one time. I mean for the aforegoing remarks to be addressed to all those in whom the 'my back yard/your back yard' attitude is really anchored.

When others are catching fish...
ARE YOU READY?
You aren't if you don't read
The Long Island
FISHERMAN

The Long Island
FISHERMAN

THE LARGEST WEEKLY GUIDE FOR FISHERMEN IN THE N.Y. AREA

VOL. 7, NO. 48 DECEMBER 14, 1972

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FRONT PAGE PHOTO

Mark Weisberg of Island Park, the mate aboard the "Ginnie-Mae", a charter boat skippered by Capt. Bill Heriguies, gaffs a husky codfish. The cod are within easy reach of most south shore based charter boats at this time of year.

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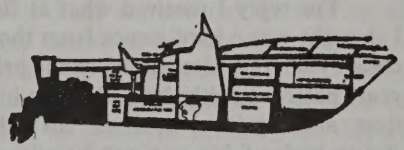

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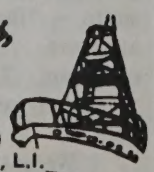
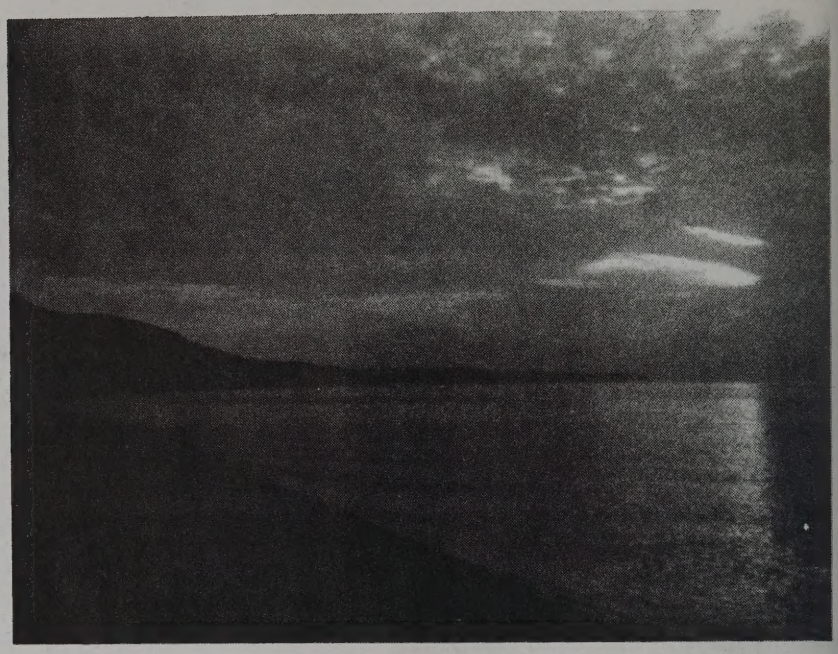


In Tribute To A Sportsman



— By Vince Guaglianone —

READING OF BAYVILLE I went up there for the first time and caught some decent blues. But I was not too impressed with this flat-water coast . . .

Yet I did return one cold morning and found Stehli's Beach deserted, except for a tall rodman wearing black waders. He was peering through small binoculars at a patch of terns far out over the Sound. Walking toward him I began to doubt my doubts about this beach; for this surely was a genuine shore fisherman. So when I reached him, I wondered aloud if there were every any real fish around here.

For reply I received what at first I thought was a hard glance from those clear eyes. But afterwards, as the brief years passed quickly by and I met him time and again, I realized that this strong look of his was not hostile. It was the honest glance of a man without guile.

But that first morning, after my 'wondering aloud' did not work, I then asked him directly if it was ever any good up along this north shore in general. "You see (I emphasized), I've always fished the south shore . . ."

Then the lean man with the abundant silvery hair looked down at me smiling, with the light eyes marvelously warm. Immediately he began telling of all his years on the south shore. - "But I never go down there anymore . . . This coast up here is excellent. There is all the fish and all the sport you could ever want, right here."

We got no fish that day. But the next time out I saw him at Stehli's, and there were some few others casting. Then the tall rodman got a strike, and he waved me on over . . . I noted that he would release his fish as he caught them . . .

For a long time I did not know the name of the sportsman who was so aristocratic in appearance, and so generous in his ways. To me, he was the expert of Bayville and he gave words of encouragement to many that came by. Gradually, he discussed with me all the north shore beaches from Bayville to Orient Point way out east. He urged me to try all the rocky coves that he described, all the stony beaches that he and closer comrades had worked afoot through many years with such high sport.

Subsequently, on the south shore, one of the regulars down there told me the name of this good fisherman that I was praising then in conversation.

"Why, that's Nick. 'Nick of Bayville'."

Nick's last name I learned only when he died this past September.

Nick Savish was a most unusual person. Though he did not entirely approve of my turning writer, he was and continues to be a main inspiration behind this column. It is certainly difficult to communicate how this is so. I tried to explain this once to Nick himself, but he brushed the idea aside. He could not care less about impressing the world around him; yet we could not help but be affected by him . . .

One spring morning two years ago I drove out to Centre Island and met Mike Papczun on the Sound's main shore. It had been raining very hard and now a lot of mist was rolling in, so only Mike and I were there. Mike was one of Nick's closest fishing comrades. He began to talk about all the great times that he and Nick experienced together, and how Nick gives away, or releases right on the spot all the fish that he catches; including big ones. Right now Nick was out there - wading around the seawall toward Rocky Point. Probably into fish. But Mike was not up to joining him this morning. - "High tide. Nick can move around the wall much better than me . . . He was in the Fire Department . . . A (retired) captain . . . He retired early. And he doesn't care for any diversion but fishing. He fishes every day, you know . . ."

Mike left to check out Stehli's Beach and I started out around the seawall. As I pushed waist-high through the strong but smooth water, I heard a splash up ahead and got excited. Then another splash - but now I saw a line behind it. Pushing further along the curving wall I was delighted to see that it was Nick, returning from Rocky Point.

He laughed to hear of my gladness at meeting up with him. Were it anyone else, then I should have to test it all the way out to Rocky Point myself.

"There's not a thing out there, Vinnie. Not so much as a spearing."

Pushing back through the tide together we spoke of many things. I mentioned Mike and how Mike had just told me of some particular north shore spots today. Were they really that good? - "That little Mike. He's a good fellow. He'll help you out a lot . . Sure that water's good . . . Why, Mike and I, we know every rock underwater

from here to Montauk, almost."

I mentioned something else Mike had told me today: the first striper that Nick had caught earlier this spring while flounder-fishing, was a small 12-inch rat. - "O you should have seen that little bass! How bright he was! O he was just so shiny . . . and so neat! That little fellow. And did he scoot off when I put him back."

As we pushed on through the swift water, talking of 1969's fall bonanzas and big fish on plugs, Nick suddenly halted and put his arm down into the water, picking up a seashell. This had caught his eye and he began to admire it closely. He showed me, amid the shell's basic rough whiteness, a smoothly colored area like pearl. - "Look at this seashell, will you. Isn't this something . . . I've never seen one like this before. What do you suppose this colored part is?" - and answering the question himself - "Must be a calcium formation, I guess.

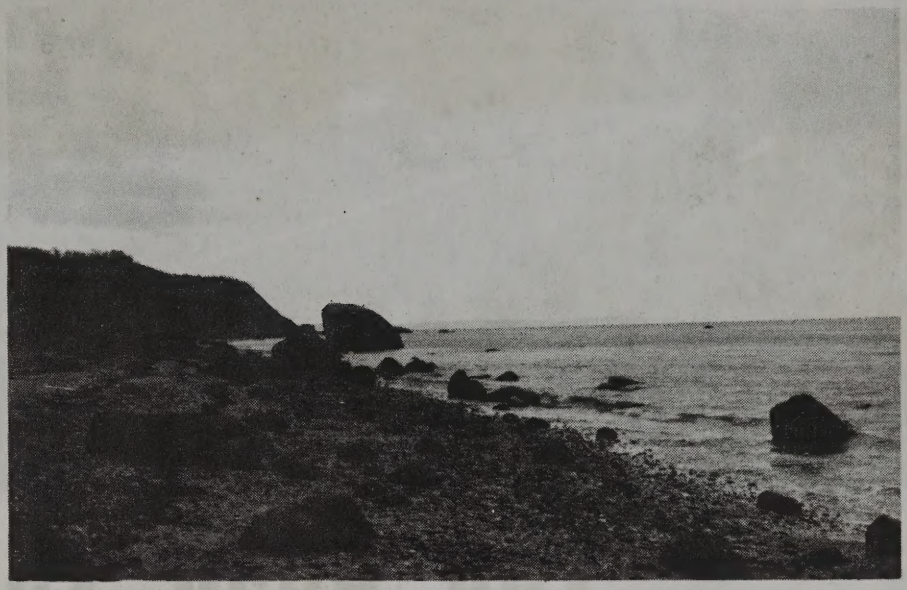
By the time we reached our autos on the road, I was telling Nick of my poor three weeks on the Vineyard during 1970's Derby. What a letdown. Though the place was beautiful, I had never been so badly skunked before and I felt like hell for a while.

"Never feel like that, Vinnie . . ." Nick had a way of lowering his eyes when he spoke like this. - "There's a lot more to fishing than just catching fish. Look at me . . . this morning. Out there all morning and I didn't catch a thing. But I was all alone out there. It was so quiet, and so peaceful. The Sound was so beautiful this morning. Didn't you see it! The water so full of life . . . My own thoughts . . . There's nothing else in the whole world that I care to enjoy . . ."

Though he loved the water-wilderness and though he loved his times of peaceful meditation, Nick Savish had the same gusto for the sport that the rest of us have. When the blues were in, he ran to reach the roiled water and his cast was long.

I remember one time Nick and Jimmy Del Giorno held the jetty-tip at Stehli's Beach. When Nick brought in a bluefish to the tip-rock he would shake his rod to let it break away. - "Come on get off! Get off! Get off or you'll get hurt!" - The fish would break away and Nick was casting out for another . . .

My father recalls one time on that jetty-tip, Nick pulled out his special plug which he seldom used in a crowd.



all the rocky coves . . . all the stony beaches.

Everyone had been catching blues in the 6-pound class on top. So Nick cast out this large, flat wooden thing which he had shaped and painted (which he laughingly referred to as his 'Nick-a-lure'). It could not go far but it worked deep, and yet with a very erratic action in the water - like a big injured mossbunker. Sure enough, Nick pulled out a larger bluefish, in the low teens at least. This he released; and he put the plug back into his tackle bag.

Big Davey remembers this plug. He one time asked Nick to let him have a closer look at it. Nick would not show it. - "You're not going to copy my plug," he laughed . . . Both Davey and Jimmy recently told me that Nick made all sorts of plugs: including ones that could both pop and swim.

Nick wanted to catch fish only on plugs and he did not care about the size of the fish. He was not eager for night fishing anymore. He wanted to see the gamefish strike his plugs. He had caught enough big stripers on eels and eel-skins in the late 1940's. Now, plugging, and only afoot by the shore-based cast was the top of the sport in his eyes.

He loved fishing - yet with a balance, I think, by which he measured the sport and kept it in its proper place; giving priority to the more important things in life. Nick one time reminded me about things in life most important than fishing. He did this most pointedly but gently; with his sensitive intelligence and not pompously; with humor, but not sarcastically . . . And although he could be also strongly critical of certain things (regarding ecology) and also he would call out aloud at boats. that ran too near his cast: yet I never heard Nick Savish really bad-mouth anyone . . .

This slow spring at Centre Island I found Nick and Tony Sacco talking together one morning. Then Nick complained to me about Rhode Island . . . - "You said it took no more than three hours to get up there. It's more like four and a half." - He was not a fast driver. I imagine that he had had enough of that in the Fire Department.

That autumn day he was on his way home from Bayville, when the other vehicle ran into his, on his side . . . Especially with someone like Nick Savish, it seems so meaningless that he should die this way. But when we remember his easy laughter and his honest heart, his generosity, and his peacefulness, we feel that it cannot be that our friend was made just to die.

Our sorrow is not equal to the terrible loss of husband, and of father. We knew him this little bit, only from fishing. Yet we cannot help but miss him now, very much. It still seems impossible that there is no chance for us to meet Nick Savish on any shore this side of the great sea. But if we are lucky, very lucky, we shall meet him again where he is now, on that golden shore beside the sea of light.

And if here on our temporary coast you love this sport in that certain

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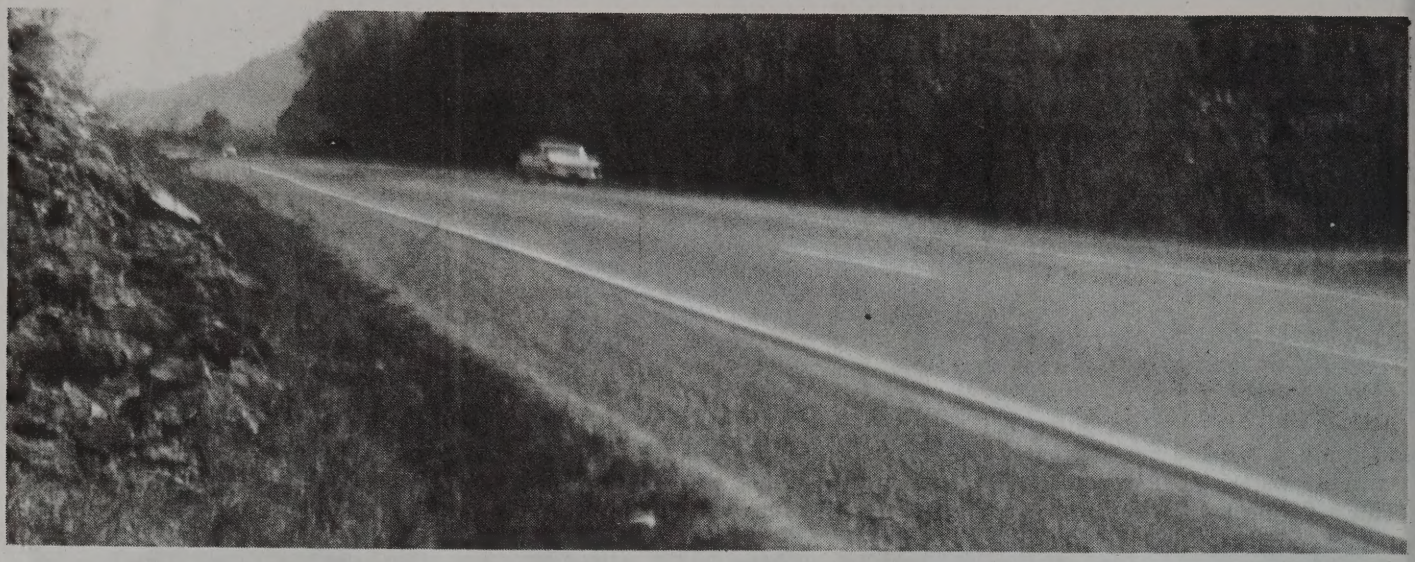


The Road South

By Don Vetter

THE TWO LANE blacktop stretches before me as I roll through the pine barren and red clay country of central Georgia. The inevitable signs advertising papershell pecans, weatherbeaten shacks on cement blocks with dust covered pickup trucks in the front yards, all flash by. Long Island and its cold weather are far behind me now; the St. Mary's River is not far ahead. Soon now I will be crossing into the Sunshine State. This is my eighth trip south, but the same thrill of anticipation is still there.

With a good southern breakfast (including grits and home fries) under my belt, I feel at peace with the world. My 14 foot trihedral hull boat, sporting a new 50 h.p. outboard, follows effortlessly behind. The car radio plays a country music tune, and as I enjoy the changing scenery, I can't help feeling a bit sorry for those northerners who have opted to fly down for their winter vacations; look at the fun they're missing. Besides saving a good deal of money by driving, I get a kick out of the leisurely tour. Old U.S. 301 (soon to be made obsolete entirely as a North-South truck route, by Interstate 95) can show you a rural America which is fast disappearing.

For those L.I.F. readers who plan a trip to Florida, and even those for whom it is still a daydream, I will try to help pass the cold winter's days by recounting a few of my experiences here in the weeks to come.

To judge by the reams written about them, one might easily assume that tarpon are the only Florida gamefish worthy of note, with a few lesser lights, such as bonefish and snook (and sailfish, for those who venture offshore), to fill in the gaps. The fact is that there are many, many other gamefish in the waters of the Sunshine State, many of which are running at peak in the winter, when fishing for tarpon, snook, et al, is dead slow. This fact rarely deters outdoor writers as they pour forth more paens of praise for the lordly tarpon. Actually, the problem is by no means confined to Florida, and tarpon; judging by the same criteria (amount of publicity), many readers of national outdoor publications could easily get the impression that striped bass were the only fish that swim in Long Island waters.

Before attempting to redress the balance somewhat, and bring some of the lesser known gamesters out of the shade, I will devote a few lines to the much touted 'big four' (tarpon, snook, bonefish and sails). The only one of the bunch for which fishing is at peak in the winter is the sailfish. For those who have the bread to charter a boat, the month of January provides the year's best action for the spindlebeaks. The East coast, from Stuart to the Palm Beaches is probably the best location.

Old hands have told me that late May is the best time for tarpon. Since I've never been down here at that time of year (there's just too much action right home on Long Island at that time), I have to content myself with what action I can scrounge. Some of the most unlikely looking canals and backwaters in the Keys hold tarpon in the winter. Though they are not often the biggies you read about, and seem to suffer from lockjaw in the cold months, they can sometimes provide some action.

Tarpon are experts at psychological warfare. They lack the sustained

Hitched up and ready to go.

fighting power of such scorned species as big jack crevalle, for instance, but their spectacular leaps can unnerve the coolest angler. I know one fisherman (who should know better!) who inevitably goes all to pieces when one of these giant herrings throws himself into the air, with gill rattling gusto. Having a mouth which sometimes seems as it were lined with concrete, the tarpon is a tough fish to hold on a plug. However well you think you have him hooked, he will often heave your lure back at you with one of those head shaking jumps.

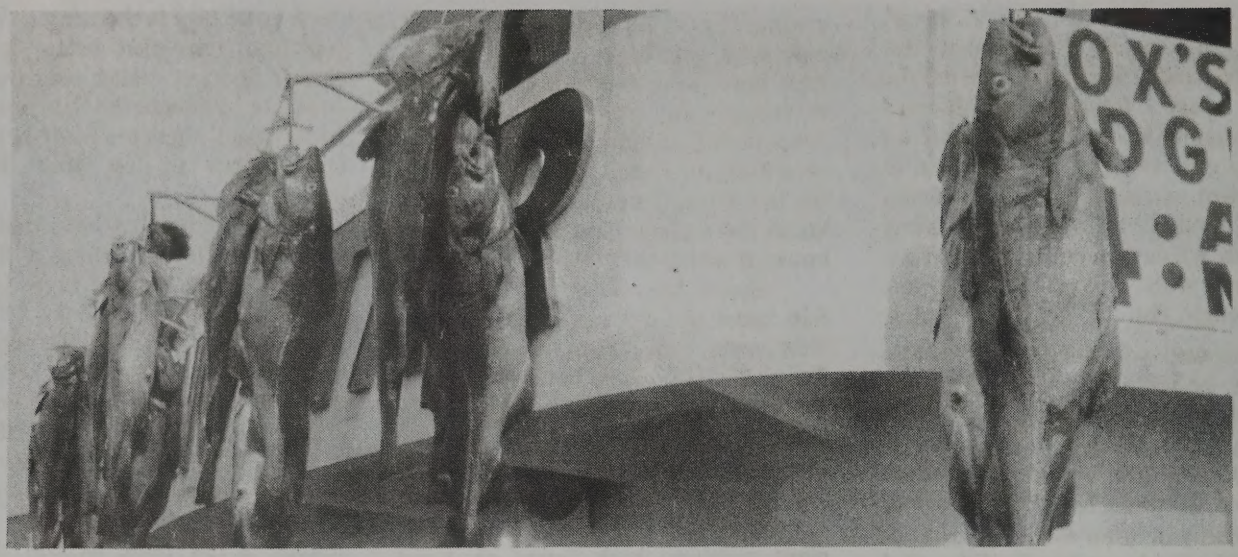
Bonefish can provide good action on some of these Key flats in winter (particularly if you enlist the services of a guide), with one big if: if the wind isn't blowing too hard; it sometimes seems to blow for weeks on end. Fishing for these speedsters (they are all that they're cracked up to be) is half hunting and half fishing; you must spot your quarry before you cast,and a wind chop can make this difficult. A prolonged hard blow can churn up the marl bottom in the shallows and turn the usually gin clear flats milky, and cut visibility to almost nothing. Wind permitting, a rising tide (especially in the late afternoon) sees the bones feeding in the shallow flats. The trick is in knowing which flats to fish.

Snook are available on the lower East coast and Keys in winter, but the West coast, from Fort Meyers to the Everglades is the best bet. The fishing is far from peak now (late March through May is the time, I'm told) and I've never done very well with them. The snook I remember best was an 11 inch juvenile I took near a power plant outflow, back home on Long Island (see 'Tropicals on Long Island,' L.I.F., Vol. VI, No. 4).

In the coming weeks you will hear of some of the myriad species that all too often fail to make the limelight, though they provide fine sport for those down here in the winter. Whether you fish from pier, bridge, party or charter boat, or trailer your own craft down, or just wade the flats in a pair of tennis shoes, there are many hard fighting denizens to test your skill and tackle.

One thing that has often struck me in my Floirda fishing is the large number of vacationing Long Islanders and Jerseyites I run across. It often seems as if the entire fishing population from our neck of the woods had migrated south like waterfowl, to spend some time in the sunshine. From the West coast to the Keys to the inland lakes, you are hard put to fish without meeting a fellow yankee. I hope I can encourage a few more to join the fun; even if only vicariously.

End of the rainbow - the Florida Keys.



Codfishing by Ron Onorato

ASK THE AVERAGE ANGLER about codfishing and he immediately conjures up images of iron men in the middle of winter on a pitching, frigid boat out in the ocean. However, codfishing is a far cry from the above picture. On Long Island codfishing can be enjoyed in relative comfort. Although the codfish is primarily a cold water fish, one need not go out in the middle of winter to catch some bacala. Codfish spend their summers in the depths of the Atlantic. Sometime around the end of October the fish move from the deep water wrecks to inshore wrecks. From there the fish spread to the open bottom by about mid-November. Fishing will usually last through December. By Christmas, the weather is usually too rough for any serious fishing. There are some pretty decent days in November and early December, so codfishing can be enjoyable. In order to catch cod, a little must be known about them.

Since most fishing will be done in relatively deep water, and where currents are strong, the tackle being used must be sturdy. Codfish also attain weights in excess of 50 pounds so the line must be strong. A sturdy boat rod of about 6-8 feet is a must. It must have enough backbone to hold sinkers of 16 ounces or more. It also has to have the strength to lift a big cod from the depths. The longer rod is helpful in trying to keep a big fish from going under the boat. The reel used should be equipped with a metal spool. A metal spool will stand up to the pressure of reeling in a big fish from deep water. On many occasions I have seen plastic spools shatter in the middle of a fight. At least 150-200 yards of 40 or 50 pound mono or dacron should be on the reel. Dacron is slightly favored since it doesn't stretch like mono. Mono tends to "belly" when fishing in great depths. The weight of the sinker depends on the current. On open bottom, 8 to 10 ounces is usually enough, while wreck fishing 12 to 16 ounces of lead may be required to hold bottom.

Codfish have big mouths, even the small ones. The hooks used can be Eagle Claw or O'Shaughnessy types. For the smaller cod, sizes 3/0 to 6/0 are good. However, on the wrecks where the big fish hang out, sizes 7/0 to 9/0 are adequate. The hooks should be snelled on a leader that tests no less than 50 pounds, and preferably 60 pounds. The hook is placed approximately 1 to 2 feet above the sinker. When fishing on an open bottom, two hooks can be used. One is tied 12 inches off the bottom and the other hook is tied about 18 to 20 inches above the first hook. When fishing on wrecks one hook is used. This reduces the chances of foul hooking a rock or in the event that two big cod are caught. Two big cod are difficult to bring in at one time.

In the bait department, one bait is used fairly consistently, the skimmer clam. These clams are shucked fresh from the shell. Usually the insides of one clam is sufficient. Many people favor two or three clams, but such a large bait fails to catch the smaller cod which favor a smaller bait. Another good bait is squid. An entire squid is put on the hook. When bergalls and other bait stealers are on the bottom, the conch can save the day. It is pried from the shell and hammered with a mallet to soften it. It is flattened like a pancake and placed on a hook. It is very difficult to remove from the hook. When fresh bait fails to attract cod, a diamond jig can be used with remarkable results.

The jig, which weighs between 10 to 16 ounces, is lowered to the bottom. The jig should be raised a few feet off the bottom. The actual jigging process consists of lifting the jig up and down in a sharp or slow motion. Cod are not a fast fish, so the slower the jig is worked the better the chances are that the cod will hit it. On more than one day the diamond jig has saved me from getting skunked.

Where to find cod is not as difficult as it may seem. Many party boats fish for cod from early November to late December. Some even sail through January and February. Sheepshead Bay, Freeport, and Captree all offer boats for codfishing. Some boats venture to the far offshore wrecks,

while others fish locally around the Angler Banks, Scallop Ridge, Ambrose Light, the Farms, and 17 Fathoms. These boats offer both comfort and safeyt. One thing to remember when boarding a party boat is to avoid crowds. I usually head for the bow for this is where there are the least amount of people and lines.

On a wreck the fish are held together by the marine life of the wrecks. On the open bottom, the fish may be scattered over a wide stretch of ocean. A depth recorder comes in very handy when it is necessary to hunt the fish. In order to hold the fish over an open bottom, it may be necessary to chum with skimmer clams. A bushel or two should be brought along for this purpose alone. The entire skimmer is crushed and thrown over the side. Empty clam shells can be used for this purpose also. Cod, like catfish, rely upon their sense of smell to locate food. Anything that has a scent to it may have something extra in the way of attracting cod. My favorite trick is to buy a pound of squid the day before I plan to go fishing. I then leave it out in the air for several hours. The resulting odor can knock a man out. When put on a hook, the putrid squid will attract cod long before the skimmer will.

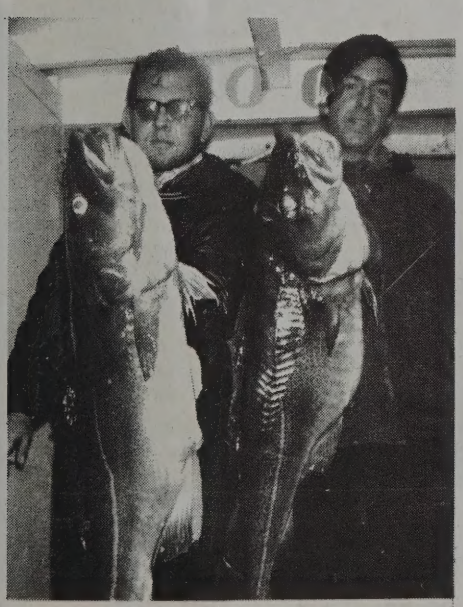
The baited hook or hooks are then lowered over the side. A tight line is kept and the angler waits for the bites. If a bite is felt, the angler should wait a second, for many times a cod will mouth the bait before swallowing it. To set the hook the tip of the rod is lifted sharply, not jerked. With a small cod it will not be too difficult to bring the fish in. However, if the fish is a cow in excess of thirty pounds, then care must be taken. The drag of the reel should be set fairly tight, but not so tight that line can't be taken off. Once a cod is hooked, rarely does the hook pull out, so don't be afraid to let the fish take a little line. Once the fish is on top, steer him away from the bottom of the boat and wait for the gaff.

Small boat owners have found that the cod is within range of their boats. There are many days in November and December when the wind is light and seas are calm. By checking with the Coast Guard, the small boatman can find out the weather conditions in advance. It is important to dress warmly. It is a lot easier to remove clothes than not to have them at all. After spending a brisk day on the ocean the angler will find the trip well worthwhile as the codfish is one of the most delicious fish. If the Russian trawlers have left any cod in the ocean, we should have good fishing this fall and winter.

Fishing Reports

MONTAUK

Capt. Paul Forsberg of the "Viking Star" reports that the codfishing is very good. Saturday they had 158 fish aboard, and Sunday they landed 281 codfish. The average weight of these fish were from 8 to 30 lbs. This action took place 30 minutes off of the point. E.D. Benedici of Brooklyn was high hook Sunday with 23 cod to 30 lbs.



Codfishing is excellent out at Montauk. The size of the cod are big. Photo courtesy of the "Peconic Queen".

Capt. Richie Rade of the "Marlin III" reported that the codfishing is very good right off of the point. They had 150 cod Sunady and the average was from 3 to 10 lbs. and some went to 20 lbs. Kenny of the Bronx had 19 cod of good size for himself.

Capt. Les Behan, skipper of the "Peconic Queen" reports that Block Island codfishing is very good. Saturday 19 fares had 6 to 12 cod each and they were 10 to 15 lbs. each. The biggest fish was 40 lbs. Sunday fishing off of the point produced a good catch of cod.

****

CAPTREE

Capt. Ben Litwin skipper of the "Ben Litwin" reports that the cod fishing is fair about 15 miles southwest of the Inlet. Saturday the pool fish was a 35 lb. cod and Sunday a 38 pounder took the pool. Captree boats were also fishing at the Lightship Buoy with the same results.

****

FREEPORT

Capt. Marty Dombrowski, skipper of the "Capt. Marty" reported that the codfishing is slow right now. Some cod are being taken with ling and whiting mixed in, but there is nothing exceptional.

****

Gary Carter of Bellmore with one codfish of 17 caught southeast of Jones Inlet. Some whiting and ling were caught by the young angler also.

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Members of N.Y.U.W.M. fishing group with 30 blues to 12 lbs. and stripers to 16 lbs. Capt. Pete Czpiel skipper of the "Venture II" (Montauk) was the only boat out of the harbor this rough day in late October. He did an excellent job both piloting and locating fish.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY

Freddy Nadelman of Mike's Tackle reports that fishermen are at a premium at this time of year so the fishing has been very slow. The mackerel are out of range for the party boats. Good size whiting are being caught at Scallop Ridge. Some small cod are at the Ridge also.

****

SANDY HOOK

Capt. Bunting skipper of the "Sea Horse" reports, codfishing is slow. Saturday they went for ling and whiting and on Sunday the hall was also ling, whiting, and mackerel, about 3 miles from Ambrose. They tried the Cholera Banks for cod but had no luck for Sunday.

****

MANASQUAN

Capt. Howard Bogan skipper of the "Jamaica" reports mackerel are still being caught off Seaside and the Range buoy. Codfishing remains the same, good. Weather sitll plays the important role at this time of year. The fish are there but the fishermen are not.

****

William Lichtenstein of Bellmore with two cod caught while fishing aboard the "Capt. Al" out of Freeport.

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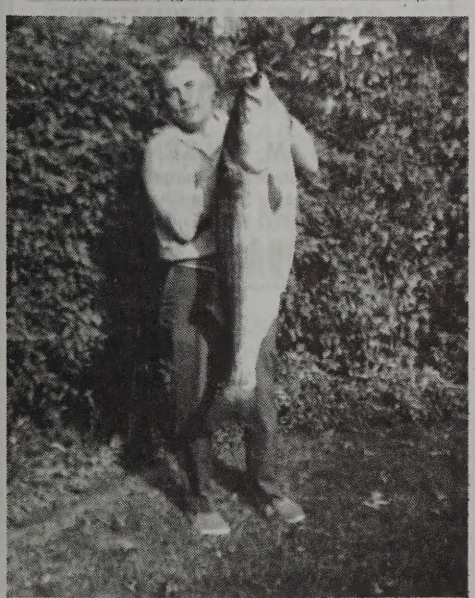
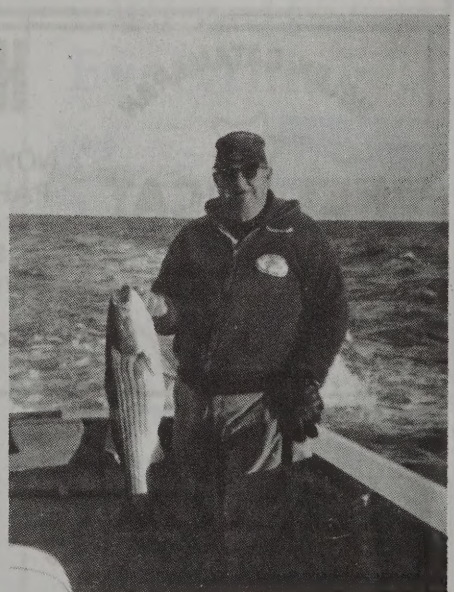


Fred Schwab of Levittown with a 46 lb. 2 oz. striped bass caught at Cedar Beach in October.

"A great fishing trip at Montauk" (left to right) Bill McKenna, Jim White, Jack Hughes, Wally Mitunewitz and Mike Stockpole caught 64 blues and 5 striped bass aboard the charter boat "Lobo."



Howard Engle of Hicksville with a striped bass caught while fishing aboard the charter boat "Blue Fin" of Montauk.

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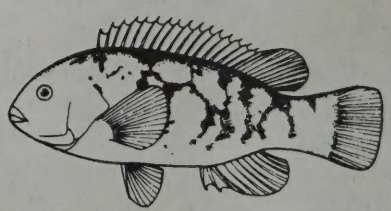

BLACKFISH

Fisherman's KITCHEN

BY GENE KOWALSKI

Choice of Favorite Sauces

Sauces for fish are as varied as the species. Simply mix ordinary kitchen ingredients to create dozens of favorites. The combinations are practically endless when you consider the variety of seasoning available.

As a fisherman in the kitchen, it's nice to know that fish is one of the most versatile of all foods. It can be baked, poached, fried, broiled, steamed, and served with hundreds of seasonings, sauces and spices. The fish in fact adopts the flavor of the seasoning used, because in most cases the delicate fish has only a subtle flavor of its own to contribute. Cook the fish gently — undercooking is better than overcooking. Unlike meat, fish has no connective tissue that needs to be broken down to insure tenderness.

Fish is one of our best sources of high-grade protein, ideally rich in nutrients and very low in calories and cholesterol. The entire fish is good to eat. There are no grades or choice parts. Cook it whole or as steaks or fillets — any way is as nutritious as any other.

Local prejudice or lack of eye-appeal in certain species cause the inexperienced to reject some fish as food for the table, but **all** North Atlantic species are edible. And the fillets from any kind of fish can be dressed up with a variety of sauces. Here are sixteen fish sauces — all different and all good on any kind of fish, no matter how you cook it.

SIXTEEN FISH SAUCES

1) **ANCHOVY BUTTER** — one can of flat anchovies and oil chopped fine and blended together with ½ cup butter and 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

2) **BROWN BUTTER** — ½ cup butter, browned slowly (do not burn) stirred together with 2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice and ½ teaspoon salt.

3) **CHEESE MUSTARD** — ½ cup shredded sharp cheese and 1 teaspoon dry mustard blended together with one cup sour cream, salt and pepper to taste.

4) **CHIFFONADE DRESSING** — one minced hard-cooked egg, two tablespoons each chopped onion, parsley and green pepper, mixed with 1 cup French dressing.

5) **CHILE-SAUCE BUTTER** — ½ cup melted butter blended with ½ cup chile sauce, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and a dash of tabasco.

6) **CELERY AND ONION** — ½ cup each minced celery, onion, butter, canned milk, simmered together for 10 minutes; salt and pepper to taste.

7) **CREOLE SAUCE** — ½ cup each chopped onions and celery cooked in ¼ cup olive oil until tender; 1-lb. can tomatoes; salt and pepper to taste.

8) **CURRY MAYONNAISE** — one heaping tablespoon curry powder mixed with ½ cup mayonnaise and ½ cup sour cream; generous dash of tabasco; salt and pepper to taste.

9) **HOT ONION** — one cup onions sliced paper thin, tossed together with 1 cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar, dash of tabasco; salt and pepper

10) **HORSERADISH** — ½ cup melted butter blended together with ¼ cup horseradish, one teaspoon paprika, two tablespoons fresh lemon juice.

11) **LEMON SHERRY** — ½ cup hot melted butter, 2 tablespoons capers and 2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice, mixed with a generous shot glass of your best sherry.

12) **MUSHROOM** — 6 ox. can sliced mushrooms mixed with ½ cup white wine and ¼ cup good olive oil; and 1 tablespoon parsley, salt and pepper to taste.

13) **RAVIGOTTE** — blend together ½ cup each mayonnaise, catsup, sweet pickle relish and vinegar; add salt and cayenne pepper to taste.

14) **SOUR CREAM** —blend together ½ cup each mayonnaise, dairy sour cream, grated cucumber, parsley; add salt and pepper to taste.

15) **TARTARE** — combine one cup mayonnaise with one cup india relish and ¼ cup finely chopped onion; add a generous dash of cayenne pepper.

16) **WHIPPED CREAM** — whip one cup heavy cream and fold in ½ cup mayonnaise, and 1 tablespoon each grated onion, lemon juice, grated lemon rind.

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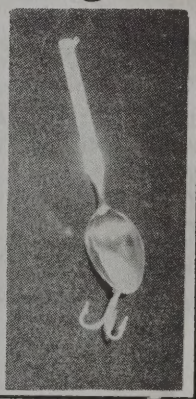

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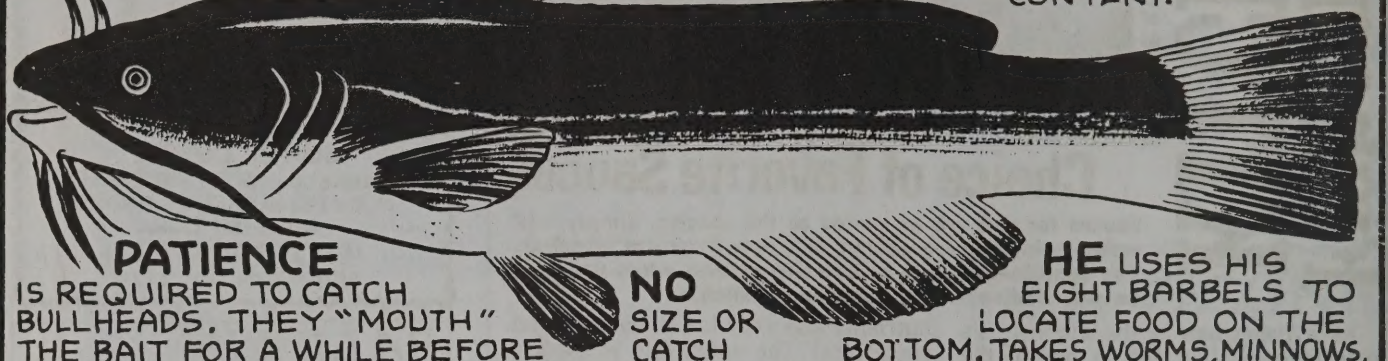
BULLHEADS, HORNPOUT- AND OR CATFISH

BY FRED GUARDINEER

DESPITE TROUT & BASS FANFARE, BULLHEADS LEAD THEIR TAKE BY THREE TO ONE.

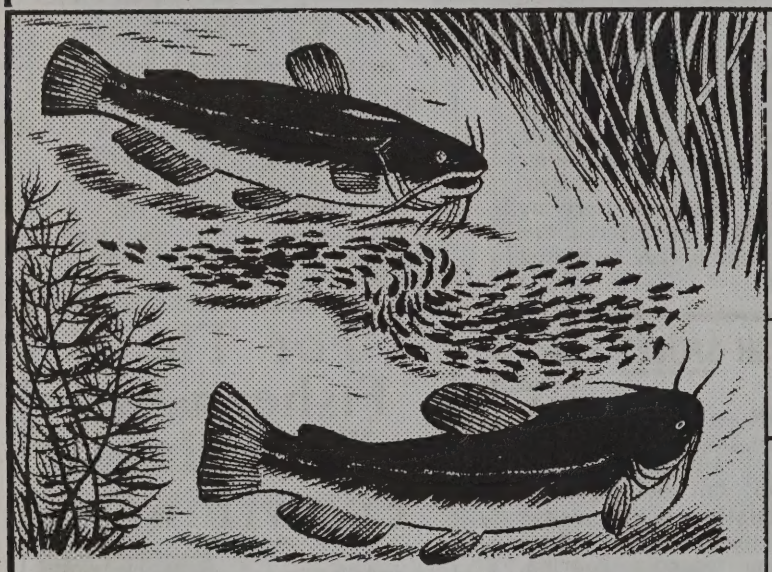
THE BULLHEAD'S COOPERATIVE NATURE AND ABILITY TO LIVE WHERE BASS AND TROUT CANNOT SURVIVE MAKES THIS POSSIBLE. THEY CAN LIVE IN WATER WITH VERY LOW OXYGEN CONTENT.



PATIENCE IS REQUIRED TO CATCH BULLHEADS. THEY "MOUTH" THE BAIT FOR A WHILE BEFORE TAKING IT IN-THEN IT GOES WAY DOWN.

NO SIZE OR CATCH LIMIT.

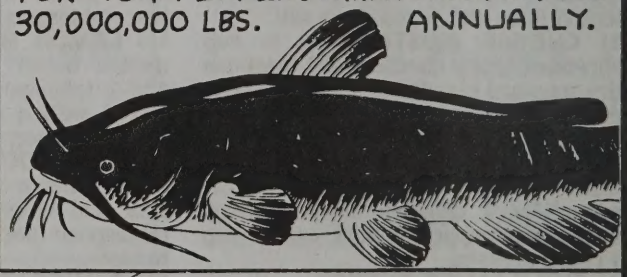
HE USES HIS EIGHT BARBELS TO LOCATE FOOD ON THE BOTTOM. TAKES WORMS, MINNOWS, POLLYWOGS AND YOU NAME IT.

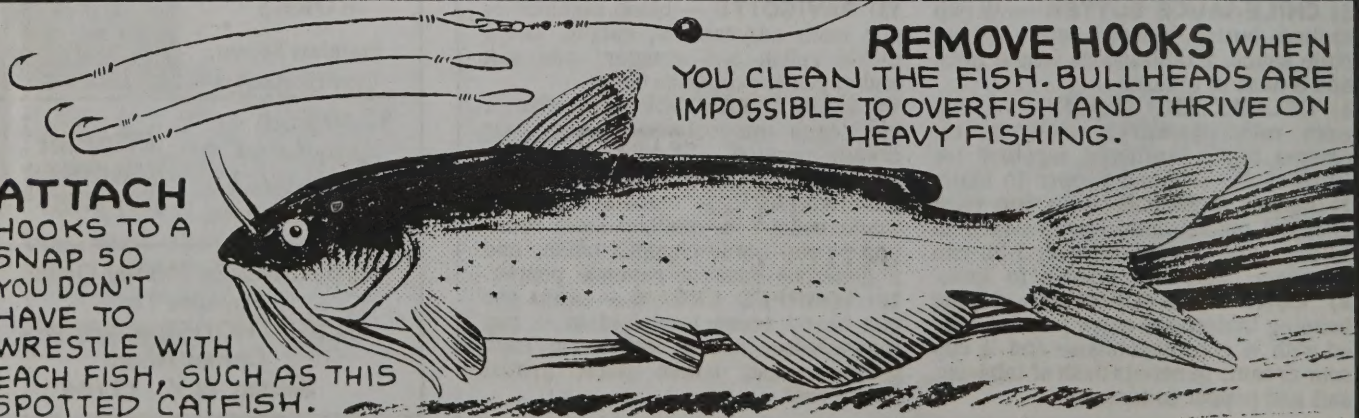


BOTH PARENT BULLHEADS GUARD THEIR NEST AND KEEP THE EGGS CLEAN. IN LESS THAN A WEEK THE YOUNG FRY HATCH AND MOM AND POP CHAPERONE THEM AROUND THE WEEDS AND SHALLOWS UNTIL OLD ENOUGH TO BE ON THEIR OWN. SKIN-DIVERS REPORT THESE FISH COMMUNICATE WITH THEIR YOUNG WHEN DANGER THREATENS.

HIS THREE BARBS CAN PUT A HOLE IN YOU. GRAB HIM SO TO HOLD FINS DOWN AGAINST SIDES AND BACK.

CATFISH ARE DELICIOUS EATING, ESPECIALLY FROM DEEP COLD WATER. ON THE MARKET THEY GO FOR 40¢ PER LB. FARM PONDS PRODUCE 30,000,000 LBS. ANNUALLY.





REMOVE HOOKS WHEN YOU CLEAN THE FISH. BULLHEADS ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO OVERFISH AND THRIVE ON HEAVY FISHING.

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(Left to right) Tim LaValle, Tony LaValle and Joe Crisanti of East Northport with some of the 282 flounders they caught at Quincy, Mass.

CONNECTICUT SCENE

BY DICK ALLEY

COLD WEATHER CAMPING

IT WAS OPENING WEEK of the hunting season. I hadn't hunted since my early teens, and had recently discovered the fascinating game of Archery. It was also a time of the year for fine trout fishing, and great hiking. Who could resist such an activity-filled weekend. The frosting on the cake was a Winnebago Motor Home, another new adventure of long time tent campers.

We picked up our Indian Motor home at Friday noon at the E.P. Hayes Co. in Norwalk, Conn. After a complete run-down on the unit, (which was understandable even to this unmechanically minded soul), we went back to the house and loaded up. Immediately we began to appreciate the features of Motor Home camping. Spacious cupboards over the four burner stove, comfortably held all of our utensils and staple items. Likewise closets were roomy enough for sport clothes, hunting clothes, shotguns, and archery equipment. There was even sufficient room for the Coleman Stove in case we decided to cook outdoors, and other favored items like lanterns, axe, awning and poles. Just about the time all the food was packed into the refrigerator-freezer combo, Lori and Todd arrived home from school and we were ready to go.

When a guy is used to driving a 2 door Chevy and an Opel, a 22 foot motor home can seem pretty immense at first glance. Winnebagos are designed to remove this feeling right away. The automatic transmission and power steering make handling easy.

Huge side-view mirrors aid in passing and backing. Seats are as comfortable as your favorite living-room chair, with full swivel on the passengers side so Mom can keep check on the youngsters.

It was an 80 mile trip to Nachaug Valley, but we arrived rested, well before dark. For once, the kids didn't complain about the ride. With plenty of space to move around, a table to write on, and a bed to nap on, it was the quickest trip they ever made.

Pix and Wayne Nickerson greeted us with an invitation to their weekend Halloween party, complete with costumes, ducking for apples, games for the kids, and square dancing for the adults. With a couple of days of hunting, a halloween party, and a Sunday for relaxing, camping was just what we'd found it to be over the years. It just gets better and better. The Schurman's from Milford were due to arrive mid-day Saturday, so we spent Friday evening enjoying all the advantages of Motor Home camping.

To say that Winnebago Motor Homes are complete, is an understatement. In no time, Mary Anne had a meal cooking on the stove. I lit the pilot for the hot water, so we soon had water enough for washing and even a shower. Not having to heat water for the dishes made Mary Anne smile. I pushed a button on the dashboard, and the auxiliary generator kicked into life, which in this case turned out to be handy, as I'd for-

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Motor homes are complete.

gotten an extension cord, and we didn't particularly care to park the vehicle in a position so the main cord would reach the outlet.

It isn't hard to adapt to Winnebago camping. Every so often one or the other of us would say, "we couldn't have done such and such if we were in the tent". We were yet to appreciate the best feature of all.

We're pretty much both late and early season campers, and have awakened quite a few times, with the thermometer at the forty degree mark. It's always the old man who crawls out of the sleeping sack first, to turn varying shades of blue while he goes outside and lights the tent heater so the rest of the family can dress in comfort. Our first night in a Winnebago Motor Home was a revelation. While the outside water bucket froze, and the red line on the thermometer shrunk to a 14 degree reading, the Alley family for once awoke with the inside temperature between 65 and 70, exactly where we'd set the furnace thermostat before retiring for the night. Course, Daddy was still forced outside to cook breakfast on the Coleman, (the kids insist it tastes better that way), but at least I could dress in comfort, and boast afterwards about my good judgement in foregoing the tent for the weekend.

After breakfast, I grabbed the bow and arrow and hiked out of the campground into the adjoining Nachaug State Forest. Deer season wasn't yet open,but I hoped to corner a grey squirrel or two to see if all that practice had paid off. Needless to say, noon found me back at the campsite, without any game, and minus one arrow I was foolish enough to shoot at a squirrel in a tree. I missed.

The Schurman's had arrived, so after lunch, 13 year old John and I headed out. This time, I took the shotgun, John had his .22. John soon had his first gray squirrel, a perfect head shot. The rest of the afternoon was quiet, so we headed back for the halloween party.

The party was everything a Halloween shindig should be. Todd won a prize for his costume, and one of the Schurmans came out on top in a game Then it was time for a late campfire, and a good nights sleep.

Sunday hunting is forbidden in Conn., but it is a great time for hiking, and the forest is a fantastic spot to hike. In fact that day we did the impossible. Seven youngsters, aged from 7 to 13 years, kept perfectly silent for the better part of an hour, in hopeful wait for a deer to come by. We'd scared one off his bed earlier in the day, so we did get a look at one. John and I were scouting for the deer season, two weeks hence.

Monday was squirrel day again, and this time we got plenty of action, at least in the first couple of hours. Before we knew it, it was time to get ready for the trip home. It was a beautiful way to end the season.

Actually though, with the Winnebago, camping can be year-round. I couldn't help contemplating a skiing trip, or maybe a deer hunt, with half a dozen of the gang splitting expenses. One thing's for sure. In a Winnebago Motor Home, it's never too cold for camping.

SAM SLAYMAKER TO TEACH SIMPLIFIED FLY FISHING

The East Jersey Chapter of Trout Unlimited is ready with the second in a series of winter programs - this time with Samuel R. Slaymaker, author of the book Simplified Fly Fishing and originator of the Little Brown Trout, Little Rainbow Trout and Little Brook Trout streamer series.

Slaymaker will give a talk based on his book and then a movie to visually demonstrate the many important points in the book.

Autographed copies of Slaymakers book will be available at the meeting.

The starting time is set for 7:45 P.M. at the Rustic Lodge on Route 46 in East Paterson. The date is December 14th and there will be a $1.00 donation collected at the door for the Saddle River Model Stream Project.

COOT RECIPE

At this time of the year, when the reader copy is a little light, thought you'd be interested in a recipe. So many people prefer "the pine board to the coot." Not so with me; I'm now enjoying coot among others of the species of duck my dog "Rebel" and I shot last fall-winter.

First, use only the coot breast. Remove all fat prior to freezing and wrap appropriately. When ready to use, thaw completely. Wash in cold water to which some salt has been added. Rinse several times in cold water. Soak in vinegar for at least a ½ hour. During vinegar soak, prepare (on waxed paper) a mixture of seasoned bread crumbs, salt, pepper, poultry seasoning, and a generous portion of grated parsley leaves. Also, prepare an appropriate baking pan lined with aluminum foil. Roll coot breasts in prepared bread crumb mixture. Place in baking pan. Cover with a second piece of foil to retain moisture. Fifteen minutes before placing coot in oven, place the required amount of potatoes for baking. I use a pin through potatoes to shorten the baking time. I also use a broil temperature (gas) setting.

Place baking pan with coot in oven. 10 to 15 minutes before the 60 to 70 minutes baking time, remove top foil to permit escape of moisture. Continue heating only until coot is dry. If you like to cook with onion, you may quarter an onion to place upon the pair of coot breasts prior to placing second foil. Peas, snap beans and apple sauce go well to make a complete meal. Try this one and you'll have greater respect for the flavor of coot.

by "Coot Shooter"

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BOAT YARD FOR SALE: S. Ketcham Ave., Amityville, $60,000.00, 130' x 170', 2 boat houses, electric lift, 4 open docks, 4 bay garage, 5½ rm. apt. & fully equipped shop. Call (516) 798-4960.

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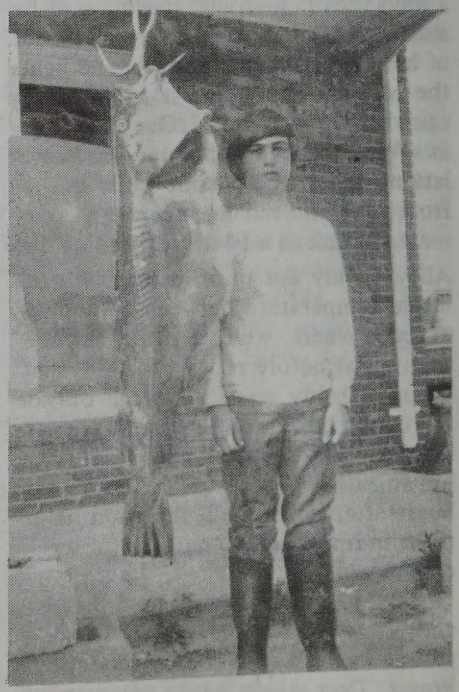
(Left to right) Steve Goldhursch, Ralph Likeness and Roger Bernstein, of Yonkers, N.Y., with three Mako sharks, caught aboard the "Sea Witch II."



Mike Eurrall of Montauk with a 58 lb. cod. Photo courtesy of the Peconic Queen.

TRIBUTE TO A SPORTSMAN

way, then the words which this good man gave to me one morning must have as special a significance for you. These words about our sport I find it well to remember, from a fisherman and friend that shall never be forgotten:

There's a lot more to fishing than just catching fish . . .

* * * *

Without the help of Mike and Eleanor Papczun, this tribute to our friend could not have been written. J: Del Giorno had also encouraged me, suggesting that it would be "as a tribute to Nick." – Hence the title. Mike's brother also gave suggestions as did my wife Martha . . . The conversations with Nick Savish that had affected me very deeply that day two years ago had been recorded in my surf log that same day; and the words are Nick's just as he spoke them. But Mike and Eleanor hoped that I would see how appropriate it is to quote also from another book the following words:

". . . and whoever lives and believes in me, shall never die." St. John, 11:26.

TIDES: SOUTH SHORE
SANDY HOOK STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		
Fri.	1:24	1:43
Sat.	2:25	2:47
Sun.	3:26	3:56
Mon.	4:30	5:01
Tues.	5:28	5:59
Wed.	6:23	6:52
Thur.	7:14	7:44
	8:03	8:36

	H.	M.
MANASQUAN	-0	12
STATEN ISLAND	+0	07
ROCKAWAY INLET	0	00
Bergen Beach	+0	29
J.F.K. Airport	+0	26
EAST ROCKAWAY INLET	-0	06
Long Beach Bridge	+0	19
JONES INLET	-0	19
Loop Pkwy. Bridge	+0	25
Zachs Bay	+1	25
Gilgo Island	+2	25
Seaford Harbor	+2	05
FIRE ISLAND INLET	-0	38
West Great South Bay	+2	10
Heckscher State Park	+3	20
East Great South Bay	+3	44
MORICHES INLET	-0	56
Smiths Point	+3	28
Harts Cove	+1	30
Potuak Point	+3	35
SHINNECOCK INLET	-0	50
East Quogue	+2	45
Shinnecock Canal	+1	18
Indian Reservation	+3	05

TIDES: L.I. SOUND
WILLETS POINT STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		
Fri.	4:41	5:08
Sat.	5:40	6:10
Sun.	6:41	7:19
Mon.	7:43	8:28
Tues.	8:46	9:34
Wed.	9:45	10:30
Thur.	10:43	11:27
	11:38	--------

	H.	M.
Little Neck Bay	-0	10
Execution Light	-0	06
Manhasset Bay	-0	01
Hempstead Harbor	-0	11
City Island	-0	03
Rye Beach	-0	28

TIDES: L.I. SOUND
BRIDGEPORT STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		
Fri.	5:04	5:31
Sat.	6:01	6:32
Sun.	7:00	7:32
Mon.	7:55	8:30
Tues.	8:51	9:24
Wed.	9:44	10:19
Thur.	10:38	11:12
	11:30	--------

	H.	M.
Lloyd Point	+0	08
Cold Spring Harbor	+0	08
Bayville Bridge	+0	13
Eatons Neck Point	+0	03
Northport Bay	+0	03
Norwalk Islands	+0	10
Smithtown Bay	-0	03
Cranes Neck Point	+0	05
Port Jeff Harbor	+0	03
New Haven Harbor	-0	08
Mount Sinai Harbor	+0	08
Herod Point	-0	07
Mattituck Inlet	+0	19
Horton Point	-0	20
Truman Beach	-0	42

TIDES: B.I. SOUND
NEW LONDON STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		
Fri.	3:14	3:34
Sat.	4:10	4:35
Sun.	5:03	5:36
Mon.	5:58	6:31
Tues.	6:49	7:25
Wed.	7:44	8:17
Thur.	8:36	9:12
	9:27	10:07

	H.	M.
Orient Point	+0	27
Connecticut River	+1	10
Little Gull Island (Race)	+0	12
Greenport	+1	04
Southold	+1	43
New Suffolk	+2	26
South Jamesport	+2	32
Shinnecock Canal	+2	33
Noyack Bay	+2	05
Sag Harbor	+0	59
Gardiners Bay	+0	21
Promised Land (Napeague)	-0	14
Fort Pond Bay	-0	29
Montauk Inlet	-0	25
Montauk Point	-1	13

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